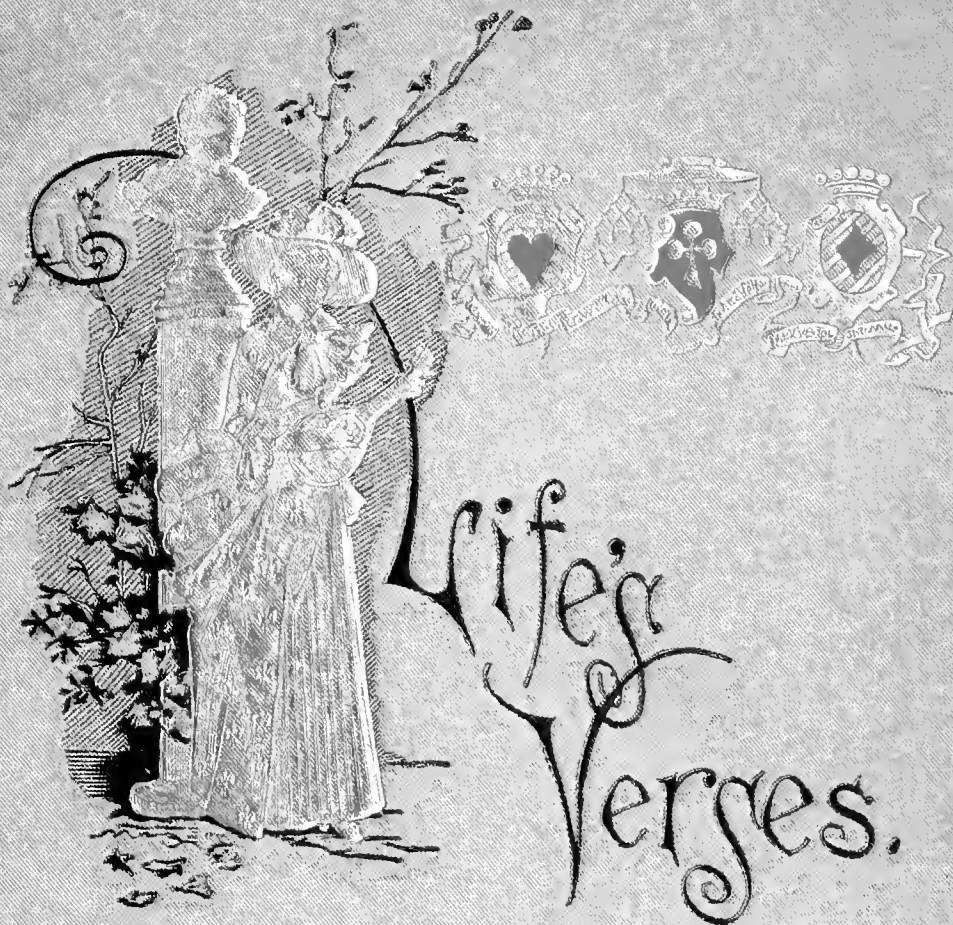


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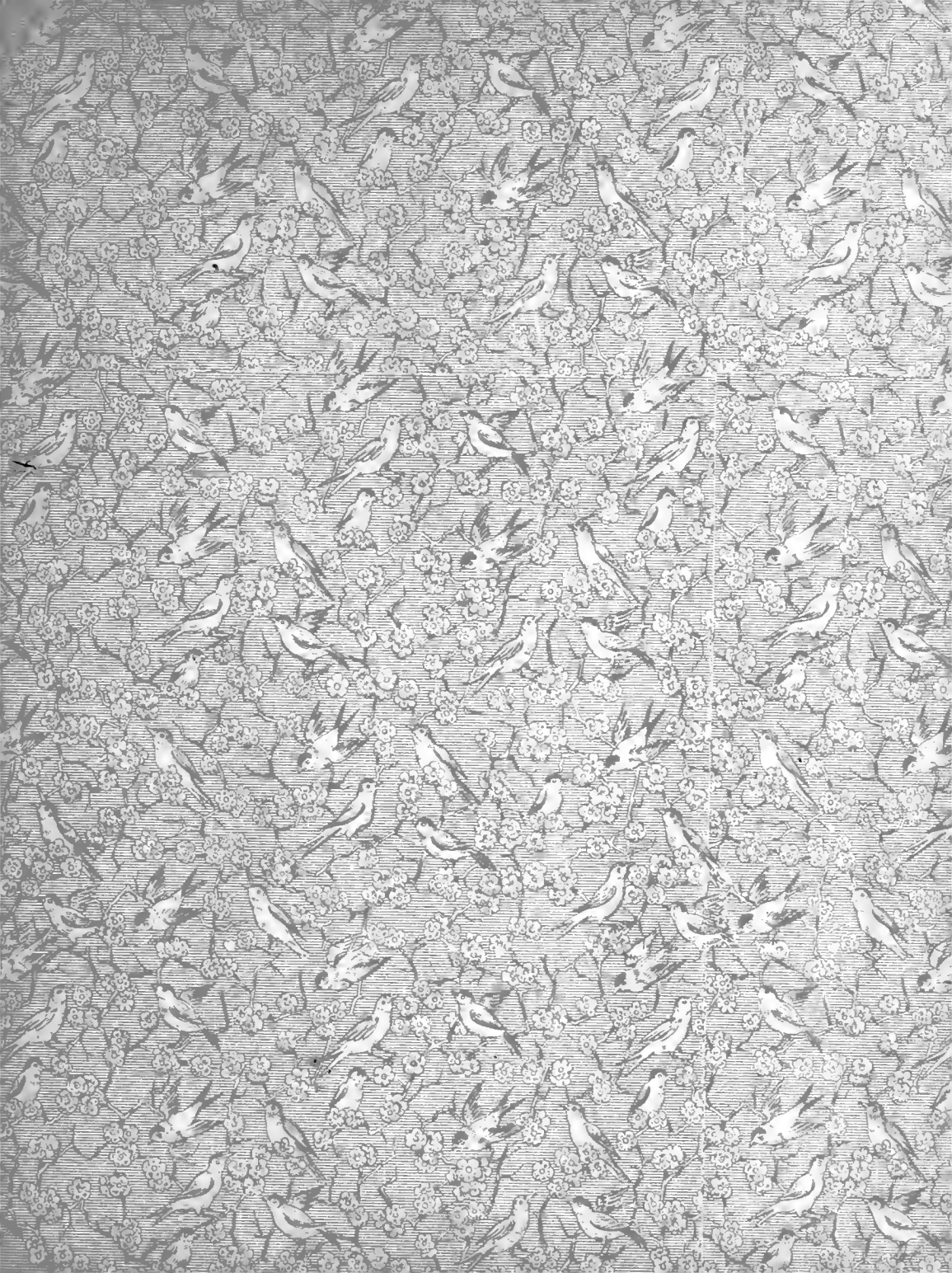
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LIFE'S VERSES

SECOND SERIES



ILLUSTRATED

BY

F. G. ATTWOOD

ALFRED BRENNAN

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H. W. MCVICKAR

J. A. MITCHELL

A. E. STERNER

AND OTHERS

NEW YORK

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My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.



HOW COULD YOU FAIL.

I SING a maiden fair,
I sing an easy chair
With carvings quaint and rare
And arms.
Ah, foolish easy chair,
When you had Kitty there,
How could you fail to dare
To use your arms?

LINES.

Written on a fly-leaf of H. C. Bunner's "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere."

YE gentle airs so sweetly blown
From Arcady and other places,
Telling of fields of hay new-mown,
Of leafy lanes with sun-lit spaces,
Of loving hearts and dimpled faces,
Of hurried kisses — long embraces,
Of tangled curls and tumbled laces —
Of every careless joy that 's known!
Breathe soft, with blossom-freighted wings,
On young and old, on slaves and kings;
And while our minstrel picks the strings,
Whisper the notes he sweetly sings —
Ye gentle airs.

H. L. Satterlee.

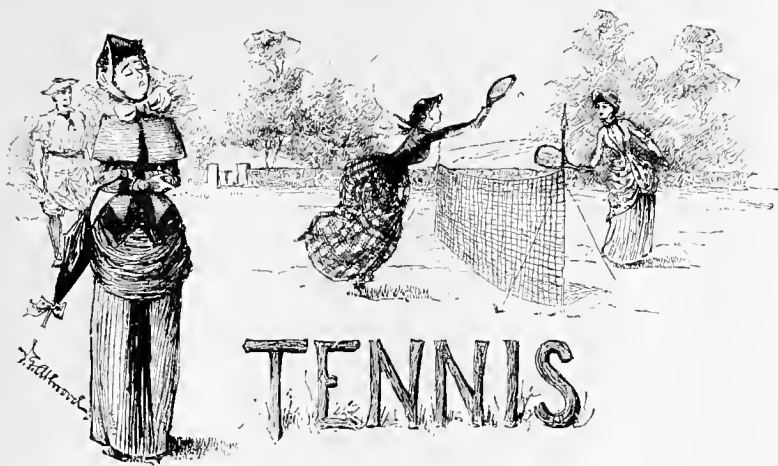
THE MESSENGER BOY.

(SONNET.)

OFt have I seen him — Hermes' godchild — stand
Gazing with sad yet fascinated stare
Into a candy shop, whose dainties rare
Fills his young soul with dreams of Fairy-land.
Across his lips he holds, in one wee hand,
A telegram, and pipes thereon an air,
The while his eye roams from the rich *éclair*
To linger on the mint-stick's twisted band.

Gaze on, O boy! gaze on — yet would I fain
Receive my telegram — if mine it be —
Ere the unsilenced robins nest again,
Ere spring's sweet violets perfume the lea,
Ere man shall have "A Drowsy Tortoise" ta'en
As the true meaning of thy "A. D. T."

C. H.



I DO not like the game *at all*,
 And fail to see the fun
 Of rushing madly round and round
 For hours upon a tennis ground
 Beneath a July sun.

I played it once, because I heard
 'T was such a "perfect" game ;
 What happened I can scarcely say —
 I only know that since that day
 I've never felt the same.

The first ball hit me *very hard*
 Before I'd time to move —
 And no one seemed to care at all
 Except because I'd stopped the ball
 And made "fifteen to love!"

And then they laughed across the net
 And served a "gentle ball,"
 At which I struck with all my might
 And sent it flying out of sight
 Behind a neighboring wall.

My partner was a Harvard lad,
With whom I'd had some fun,
 But as the games went on, he eyed
 The girl upon the other side
As if *she'd* been *the one*.

And so we played for what seemed hours
Across that dazzling net,
 Until at last I overheard
 My partner breathe a wicked word,
Because we'd "lost the set!"

Of course, for those who brave the sun
Prepared to pay the price;
 And rush about with tumbled hair,
 And *like* to hear men curse and swear —
It *may* be very nice. *H. W. F.*

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE HOPE OF RECOVERING AN UMBRELLA.

I 'VE given up riddles
 And dancing and fiddles,
 To humor your bent;
I've given up dining
And taken to whining —
 (The *&* I resent) —
This long Lenten season,
Of course, is the reason —
 But never I meant
To give up, *mia bella*,
My London umbrella
 Because it is lent. *C. H*



AN INVOCATION.

(SONNET.)

BY bard unsung, by saga's love untold,
Softly thou sinkest from the realms of space
To soar again, nor find a resting-place,
Though one should beckon thee and bid thee hold.
Descend, sweet sprite! nor be forever cold
To my appeals; show me thy jocund face.
Thy easy attitudes of airy grace,
Thy lazy limbs bedecked in blue and gold.
Descend, and waft me with thee; make me know
That bliss unspeakable, that perfect joy
That must be thine, when, leaving men below
To swear, thou mock'st them, and with laughter coy
Floatest to floors where they are fain to go,
Thou gay, light-hearted elevator boy!





REMORSE.

MY spirit sits in ashes, breaking dust upon its head ;
I've said a silly thing, and now it cannot be unsaid.
What boots it that to only two the wretched truth is known,
If of the conscious pair who know it I myself am one ?

I have my doubts — more doubts the more I think of what I
said —

If, really, half a loaf is much better than no bread ;
For if a person is an ass, and duly bound to show it,
Cold comfort 't is that he should have just sense enough to
know it. M.

TO MY LADY OF BOSTON.



I fear when you die, O my
Lady,
And pass through the heavenly
gate ;
When you put on the wings of
an angel,
You will never fly perfectly
straight.

When you rise on those Heav-
enly pinions,
And soar through that kingdom
of Love,
You will show a strange weak-
ness for moving
In the most select circles above.
Y'rs,

HOW?

BY "CLYDE."

HOW can a man on a dollar a day,
Charter a seat at a popular play,
And purchase cigars and tobacco, pray?
He can't.

How can he sport an elegant tile,
Ask his dear friends to step out for a "smile,"
And stable a 2.40 animile?
He can't.

How can he frolic with better fed friends
When, in cold perspiration he 's at his wits' ends
If his wash-woman after her half-dollar sends?
He can't.

How can he bear to be called a "poor cad,"
How can he dress in a big, fancy plaid,
His credit won't keep — it is "fragrantly" bad?
He can't.

How buy perfumery, handkerchiefs, too,
The edges all stamped with a red kangaroo,
And change linen cuffs every Sunday or two?
He can't.

How can he go out to ride with his "mash"
When he has n't the requisite cold-blooded cash?
Why *that* is his reason for not being rash —
He can't.

How can he claim his dear girl's slender hand,
And circle her finger with glittering band,
When his check-book 's so weak it scarcely can stand?
He can't.

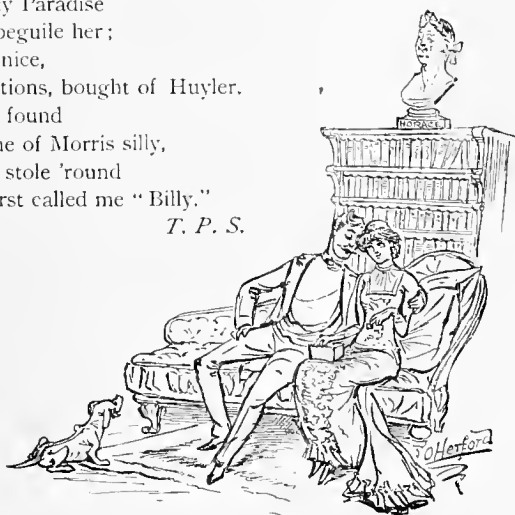
How can he marry and furnish a wife
With the many small comforts which sweeten this life?
We must state the cold truth, tho' it cuts like a knife —
He can't.



SHE is not frivolous, my love,
 But relishes the wit of Horace ;
 Homer, of course, she ranks above
 All other bards, yet dotes on Morris.
 At Dobson's dainty little muse
 She is inclined to be a mocker,
 And would be willing to refuse
 A laurel wreath to Frederick Locker.

Through Morris' Earthly Paradise
 It was a pleasure to beguile her ;
 She found it altogether nice,
 And crunched confections, bought of Huyler.
 But I a mundane Eden found
 That knocked that one of Morris silly,
 The day my wilful arm stole 'round
 Her waist, and she first called me " Billy."

T. P. S.





A RENDEZVOUS.

A RENDEZVOUS.

'T IS Christmas night.
A ghostly light
Illumines forgotten faces.
With loving tread
The feet of the dead
Fall soft in familiar places.

In these dim halls
This night recalls
Sweet memories death cannot chill.
Faint finger tips
And voiceless lips
Bring the ghost of an old-time thrill.

Ah, many a year
Has gone, since here,
Her love and herself she gave;
A blushing face,
A long embrace —
And he, to a soldier's grave.

There's joy in meeting;
But hours are fleeting,
And the saddest of all draws near,
For light of dawn
Will find them gone,
And to sleep for another year.

J. A. Mitchell.



INDIAN SUMMER.

QUATRAIN.

NOW is the waning twilight of the year ;
O'er drowsy fields in sombre russet drest
The golden-rod is blazing like a torch
That lights the weary summer to her rest.

E. G. S.

A CHANSONNETTE.

YOU are singing so well, My Lady,
And your voice seems filled with tears,
As you sing of a long-lost spring-time,
And youth and the misty years.

And I wonder if you've forgotten
That spring-time so long ago,
When you and I wandered together,
And both were — well, I don't know,

For 't was not so very long after
You married that wealthy beast,
And I — well, I'm an old bachelor,
And do n't, of course, care the least.

And you're singing so well, My Lady ;
Like a pearl falls every note ;
And nobody dreams, My Lady, of
The lump there is in my throat.

R. King

A. D. 1885.

"Varium et mutabile semper femina." — *Virgil*.

LIGHTLY she mocked him with jest and quip,
And a curl of her red, disdainful lip;

Lightly she laughed, as he rode away
In the golden gleam of a dying day.

Spurring his steed with a tightened rein
At the sound of her gay *Auf widerschen*,

And cursing the cruel Fate that set
His heart at the feet of a vain coquette.

But the restless hound she held in check
Felt the hand that lay on his shaggy neck

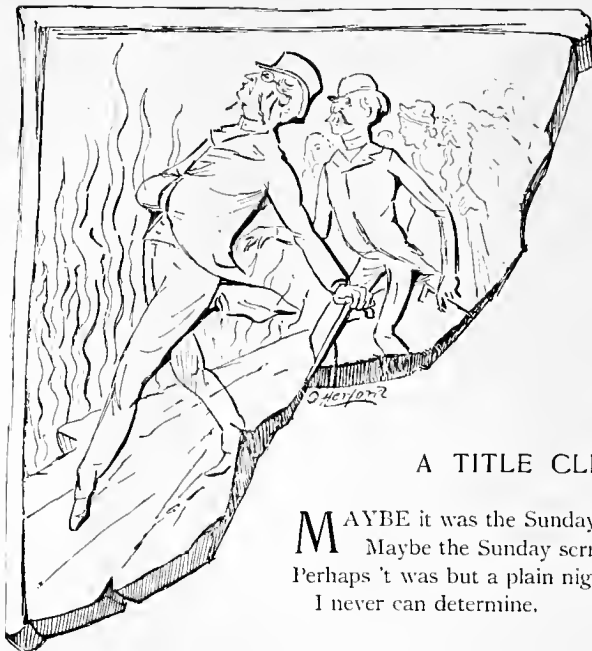
Quiver and stir, while the shadows grew
Dusky and dark in the tremulous blue

Of her April eyes, and a weary sigh
Broke unawares in her airy cry:

"Aye, these are the times of Greed and Gold,
And Love is a fashion too old — too old!"

M. E. IV.





A TITLE CLEAR.

MAYBE it was the Sunday fare;
 Maybe the Sunday sermon;
 Perhaps 't was but a plain nightmare —
 I never can determine.

I dreamed I was an errant shade,
 With other shadows hieing
 Along a road whose downward grade
 Was simply terrifying.

Before them all, with haughty head,
 One held the chief position,
 Whose lofty mien and stately tread
 Proclaimed his high condition.

While in the eyes of all the rest
 Sat trouble and dejection,
 His gold-rimmed orbs alone expressed
 Approving introspection.

We reached a river and embarked
Upon a galley gloomy;
The seat the stranger took, I marked,
Was elegant and roomy.

When Charon came to punch his fare,
The awe-inspiring spectre
Transfixed him with a stony stare.
And seemed to say, "Director."

We reached at length the heavenly gate --
The press had free admissions --
The common herd was forced to wait
And loaded with conditions.

The stranger handed in his card,
While 'round the door we hovered,
And to the high celestial guard
His shapely head uncovered.

I saw St. Peter smile and bow,
Urbane and deferential;
The stranger's greeting was somehow, -
A shade more consequential.

"Angel!" the saintly tyler cried,
A page straightway appearing.
(I don't remember that I tried
To wholly keep from hearing.)

I caught the words "Orchestra chair --
Be sure you get the right one --
See the harp-tuner; and take care
The halo is a bright one."

"Look lively, too," St. Peter said,
"The gentleman is waiting."
"Please register" -- he bent his head,
The great book indicating.



"TRANSFIXED HIM WITH A STONY GLARE."

The stranger wrote. I read the scrawl
The sacred page engrossed on ;
The name was naught, the place was all —
"J. Winthrop Wiggins, Boston."

James Jeffrey Roche.

A LOVE SONG.

WRITTEN UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

OW NOW for a rhyme that is lyrical,
Inspired by a vision of you ;
A wonderful, metrical miracle
Performed in a stanza or two.

A song that shall know no impediments
To frustrate the fling of its feet —
A song that shall celebrate sediments
Of sentiments sugary sweet.

Ahem ! *Well your heavenly ocular
Surpasses the crystalline gem ;
Your lips have a hint of a jocular
Expression becoming to them.*

That is all, and it 's incomprehensible ;
I doubt if you know what I mean ;
However, I think it 's as sensible
As other love poems I 've seen.

I 'm not very much on emotional
Productions in verse, you can see,
But I 'm sure I am quite as devotional
As you would desire me to be.

Idle Idyller.

A POET'S MISERIES.

(How he wrote it.)

FROM out the garland on her breast,
The brightest flower she chose,
And underneath the fairy stars
I kissed the ruby rose.

(As copied by a Northern paper.)

From out the *garment* on her *breast*
The brightest flower she chose,
And underneath the *airy* stars
I kissed her *ruddy nose*.

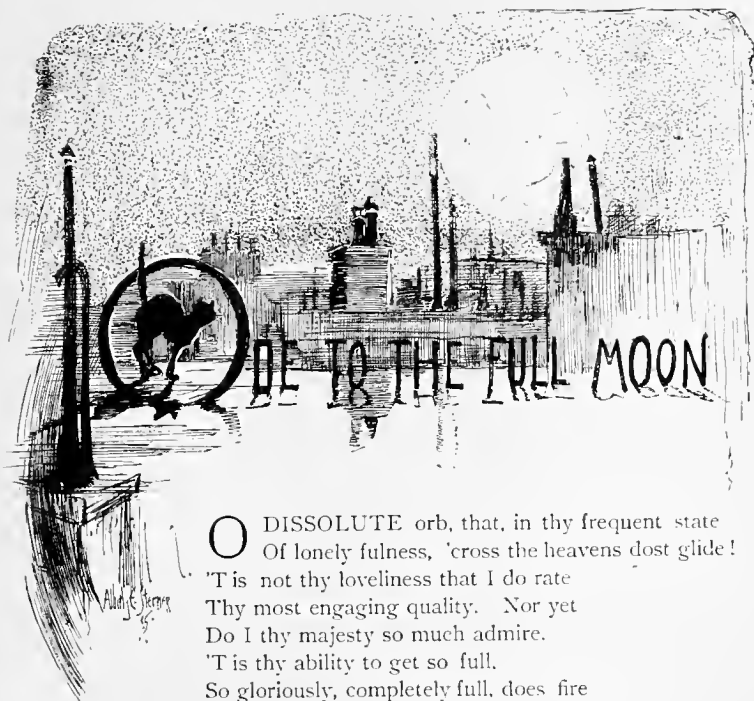
(As copied from the foregoing by a Southern paper.)

From out the *garden* on her *waist*,
The *lightest* flower she chose,
And underneath the *hairy* stars
I kissed her *muddy nose*.

(As copied from the foregoing by a Western paper.)

From out the *garden* on her *vest*
The *tightest bower* she chose,
And underneath the *dairy stairs*
I *kicked her bloody nose*.

Ben Wood Davis



O DISSOLUTE orb, that, in thy frequent state
 Of lonely fulness, 'cross the heavens dost glide!
 'Tis not thy loveliness that I do rate
 Thy most engaging quality. Nor yet
 Do I thy majesty so much admire.
 'Tis thy ability to get so full.
 So gloriously, completely full, does fire
 My wond'ring soul with emulative wish.

O reveler celestial! Dost thou e'er
 For boon companions long, and weary grow
 Of lonely state, when on thy monthly tear?
 Dost ever tip, 'cross heaven's spaces wide,
 To moons of Jupiter, convivial wink
 And ask their company? Of Saturn's crew,
 With envious longing, dost thou ever think?
 Alas, thy fate! Though full, thou art forlorn.

And still, thou type of crapulence, thy lot
Has many compensations. Into quod,
Thou fearless roysterer, thou 'lt ne'er be brought,
Though out all night in state called glorious.
I envy thee. However full, next morn
Will always see thee with a waning head
And ne'er at loss to get another horn,
For, never broke, thou 'st e'er a quarter left!

Allen Kelly.

'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP.

LAST night, at the rink,
I made my confession.
She had liked me, I think,
'Till last night at the rink:
I felt her form sink —
I let go with discretion.
Last night at the rink
We made an impression.

To L. H. B.



The German.

HE.

SHE has seated herself for the German,
 Saith her partner — a fool of a boy,
 Whose money and beauty have made him
 A drawing-room darling, a toy.

SHE.

He is sitting directly before me,
 And my heart grows as heavy as lead,
 For he's drawing with Nellie McVickar
 A study in yellow and red.

All my life I shall hate those two colors —
 She looks so superbly to-night;
 And I — I must look like a dowdy
 In my poor little dress of plain white.

HE.

She is peerlessly, perfectly lovely —
So dainty, so fresh, and so fair ;
Like one of those delicate flowers
That lie 'mid the gold of her hair.

SHE.

He is thinking of no one but Nellie,
He don't even give me a glance;
I'd get him away from that creature
If I only had half of a chance.

Oh ! I think I am very unhappy !
But I can't wear my heart on my sleeve.
I wish I could tell him I — like him.
I'm tired of making believe.

HE.

How she looks at that donkey beside her,
With a smile on her exquisite lips.
Pah ! she's like all the rest of the women —
A flirt to her finger-tips.

But she sha n't count me in as a victim.
I will not be caught in her net ;
She may flirt 'till she's tired with others,
I decline to amuse a coquette.

SHE.

I am going to give him a favor,
If it's wanting in pride I don't care ;
I'll just run up to him gaily
And wear my most infantile air.

HE.

She is coming this way, my fair darling —
She is leading me out for the waltz;
What a brute I have been to resist her —
What a fool to imagine her false!

SHE.

His dear arm is stealing around me --

HE.

She is lifting to me her sweet eyes —

BOTH.

On the throb and the swell of the music
We float into Paradise!

M. Este.

OH! WHERE IS LOVE A-HIDING?

OH! where is Love a-hiding?
Pray tell me where he's fled?
For the roguish god's deserted
The heart he erstwhile wed.
I wonder if he's waiting
Till I shall humbly sue,
And promise ne'er to thwart him,
Whatever he may do?
O Love! pray act your pleasure.
And I'll not be averse —
Aha! the rogue! I spy him!
He's tugging at my purse!

Warden Maylowe.

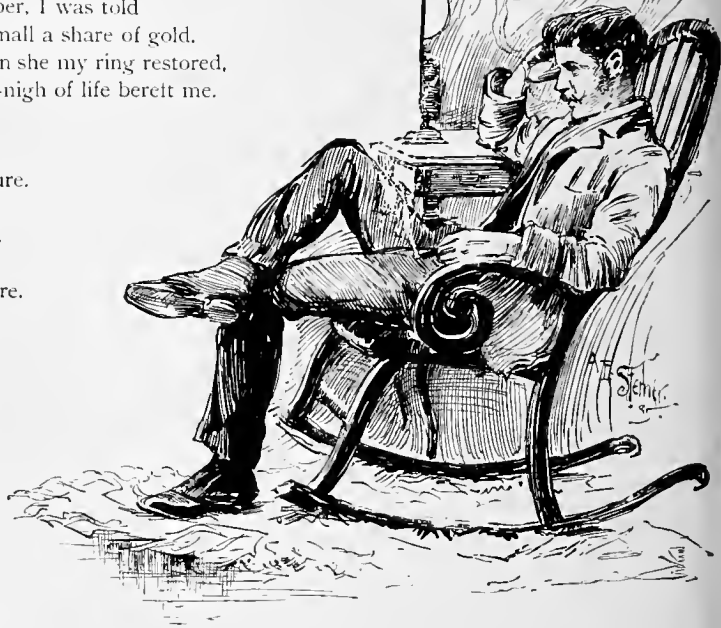


JUST MY LUCK.

AT twenty I was pledged to wed
Matilda, but we parted.
The reason, if I've not forgot,
Was she was pious, I was not;
No trisler should have her, she said,
And left me, broken-hearted.

At five-and-twenty, I adored
Amelia, but she left me.
If I remember, I was told
I had too small a share of gold.
My grief, when she my ring restored,
Well-nigh of life bereft me.

At thirty I was overfond
Of Grace, a lovely creature.
She thought me arbitrary, set;
Too staid for such a merry pet.
I made no sign, I think, beyond
Some ruefulness of feature.



I 'm forty. All are to be had.
Unless their looks belie them,
I could have either ; but, alack !
I 'm pledged to Jane. She 'll not go back
On me, not she ! And so, egad,
I 'll have no chance to try them !

Walter Clarke.

WILTING.

SHE gave the rose upon the spot,
Her glowing eyes with love were lit,
And life without it were a blot ;
But yet 't is wilting bit by bit,
And I must sort of wonder what
In thunder I shall do with it.

M. B.



A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH.

TO put new shingles on old roofs;
To give old women wadded skirts;
To treat premonitory coughs
With seasonable flannel shirts;
To soothe the stings of poverty
And keep the jackal from the door —
These are the works that occupy
The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
Kind words and chickens, jam and coals;
Poultices for corporeal woes,
And sympathy for downcast souls;
Her currant jelly — her quinine,
The lips of fever move to bless.
She makes the humble sick-room shine
With unaccustomed tidiness.

A heart, of hers the instant twin
And vivid counterpart is mine;
I also serve my fellow-men,
Though in a somewhat different line.
The Poor, and their concerns, she has
Monopolized, because of which
It falls to me to labor as
A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice
Does my devoted spirit quail;
I give their horses exercise;
As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their Tally Ho's I ride
And brave the chances of a storm;
I even use my own inside
To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit
Dear to our hearts soon grow to be:
I love my Rich, and I admit
That they are very good to me.
Succor the Poor, my sisters, I,
While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will strive to share and mollify
The trials of abounding wealth.

E. S. M.

MATERNITY.

A MOTHER — yet not wife nor maid,
For days she sat, nor spoke nor stirred.
She could not, would not bow her head.
The sharp-closed lips gave forth no word.

The father of her children came,
But left her there, to live or die;
And yet her cheek flushed not with shame,
No tear bedewed her weary eye.

Men came and looked. She reared her head
Nor flinched before their questioning gaze.
“Let time fulfill its work,” they said;
Then sped them on their several ways.

One day her place was vacant. Men
Found near it the untasted food —
And proudly our old speckled hen
Led forth her downy, callow brood.

Orwell.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

I N olden Tyme whanne valiaunt Knyghtes
Disputed fr each otheres Ryghtes,
Whanne Maydes wre foughte fr — Thanne I wot
Fr Monie, Love was nevere boughte.

Alack! Those goode old Daies have passed,
Ye Foppe succeedes ye Knyghte at laste.
Love breedes contentiones as of Olde,
But Steele has given waie to Golde!

W. S. Case

(IM)MODESTY.

[Written after reading Professor Hill's article on "English in the Schools," in Harper's Monthly for June.]

I AM a modest little maid,
Who thinks it more polite
To bid a man "good-evening"
Than bid a man "good-night."
And if the human members
Are introduced by him,
I always call an arm an arm,
A leg a "lower limb."

I am a modest little maid
Who never goes to bed,
But to my chamber I "retire"
Most properly instead.
And when the chaste Aurora
Unseals my sleepy eyes,
The act which some call getting up
I designate "to rise."

I never speak of feeling sick,
But say that I am "ill,"
And being in my dressing-gown
I style *en deshabille*.
In fact, I always hesitate
To call a spade a spade,
Because, you see, I try to be
A modest little maid.

Robert Grant.





POETICAL IMPECUNIOSITY.

T gathering dusk I sit and muse,
Where fountains play and music thrills,
And wonder if I can enthuse
My soulful soul to pay my bills.

Alas ! I fear such thoughts are vain,
For though in bliss my fancy rolls,
This fact is always cold and plain,
Hard cash eludes the soulful souls.

W. J. D.

MUSING.

BENEATH the broad elm's pleasant shade
Where Nell and I, child lovers, played
I tarried.

Yes, Nell, we 've changed since then 't is true ;
I 'm gray-haired, old, and wiser. You
Are married.

Pray tell if you, as I, e'er dream
Of childhood's hours ; and if they seem
As sweet.

Or is your life with fuss and care
For what to eat, and what to wear,
Complete ?

Ah ! Mrs. Jones, no doubt you think
For memory's pangs the shekels' clink
Atones.

['T was all for rhyme, that cynic's sigh,
Because, my gentle reader, I
Am Jones.]

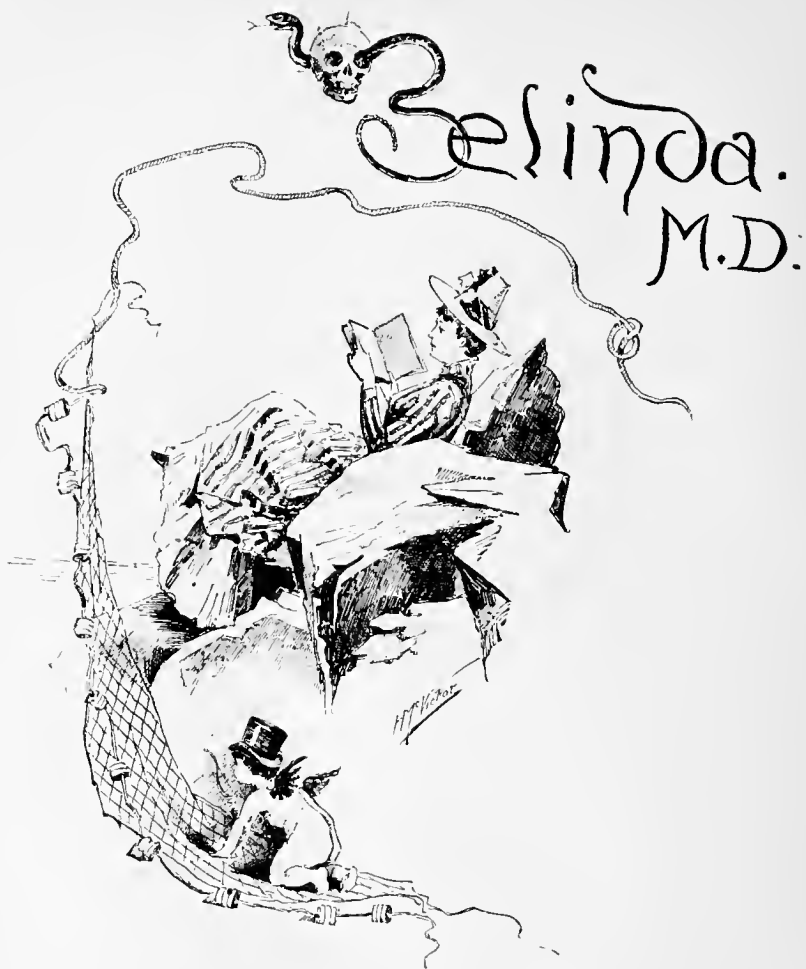
A POEM OF POVERTY.

IF I had more a year, love,
If I had more a year,
I'd take you to the opera,
Which now would look quite queer ;
On carriages and Jacqueminots
I'd make it disappear ;
Candy, ice-cream — whate'er you chose,
If I had more a year.

If I had more a year, love,
I should my love confess,
I'd give you every kind of chance
To softly murmur, " Yes."
You might accept me *then*, I think,
We'll settle down next year—
The other men could take to drink,
If I had more a year.

If I had more a year, love,
'T would very soon be shown
If 't is (or not) a pleasant thing
To live for one alone.
You're something like your mother, now ;
You'll grow more like, I fear,
Perhaps 't is better, anyhow,
I have n't more a year.

M. B.



BELINDA is fifteen,
Hath hair of golden sheen,
And her eyes
Are the regulation blue,
Such as we 're accustomed to
Idolize.

She hath a winning grace,
Complement of such a face
Of fifteen;
And this dainty little body
Is determined that she'll study
Medicine.

Was ever thought so crazy
Entertained by such a daisy
Of the field?
Surely not; but still the notion
Of professional devotion
Will not yield.

On the beach at Narragansett
She doth scan the London *Lancet*,
And I ween
Through her reading comprehensive
She is "up" on that expensive
Cocaine.

She doth cultivate affection
For Lequard and vivisection;
Though as yet
She doth draw her skirt around her
When she passeth by a flounder
In a net.

And I wish you could behold her
In the lee of some big boulder
At her ease,
In profound preoccupation,
Getting points on circulation,
If you please.

Ah, this winsome little gold-head!
When the winged years have folded
On the scene
Of this fancy, will the thronging
Of her lovers set her longing
For fifteen?

If, at length, she must confess
To a cardiac distress
Which an elf
With a bended bow hath brought her,
Can she then, tho' Galen taught her,
Cure herself?

Mark Malloy.

IMPRUDENT PRUDENCE.

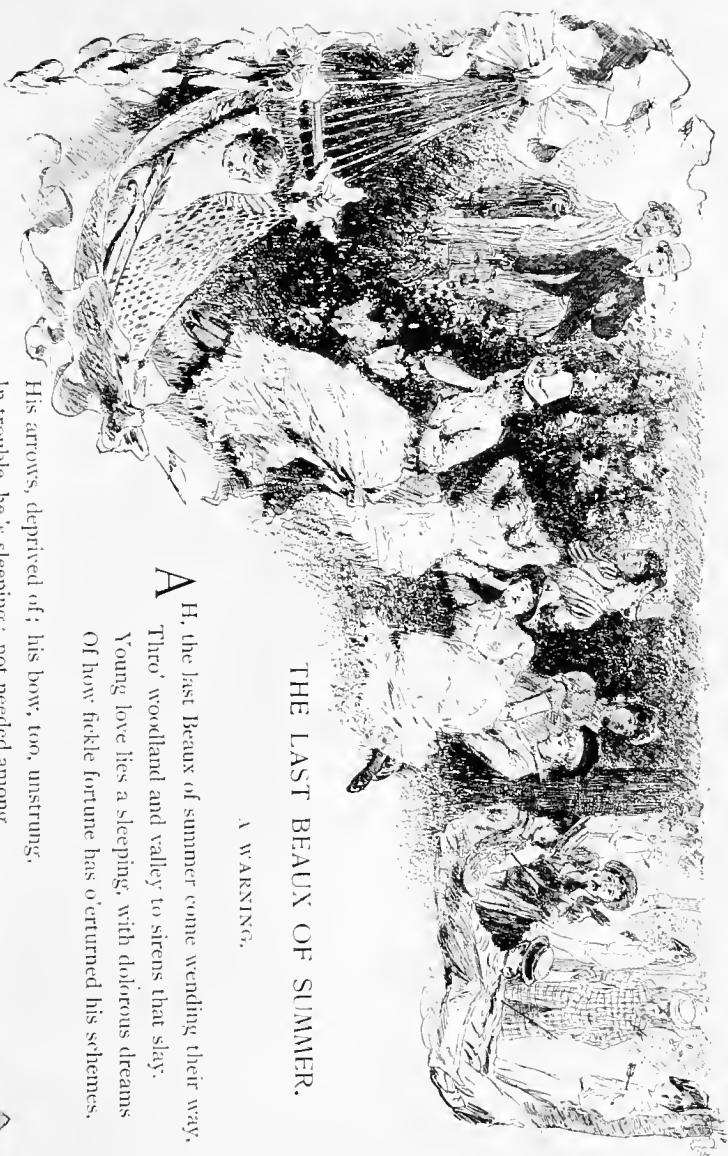
RONDE-AU CONTRAIRE.

WHEN Prudence was a bud untaught,
And took the caramels I bought,
With golden ribbons 'round the box,
The very color of her locks,
She was a paragon, I thought.

Each idle word she lisped was fraught
With sentiments that came unsought,
Yet well I knew to play the fox
When Prudence was.

The countless battles then I fought
With Cupid, all have come to naught ;
My heart withstood his rebel knocks
And never fluttered for her frocks ;
Egad, I found I was n't caught
When Prudence was.

Idle Idyller



THE LAST BEAUX OF SUMMER.

A WARNING.

AH, the last Beaux of summer come wending their way,
Thro' woodland and valley to sirens that slay.
Young love lies a sleeping, with dolorous dreams
Of how fickle fortune has o'erturned his schemes.

His arrows, deprived of; his bow, too, unstrung,
In trouble, he's sleeping; not needed among

The maidens who've shattered the head and the heart
Of their mates of the summer, now centless, apart.

Fair youths heed this warning and turn hence away;
Ere the girls of the woodlands your senses betray;

For the beau of the summer's as frail as the snow;
In August, exquisite; in winter, *de trop*.

J. K. Bangs.



TOMMY'S TALE.

MAMMA, does sister Anna know the Captain *very* well?
I know just why I think so, but I promised not to tell.
Still, if you really want to hear, and won't give me away,
I'll tell you what I saw when you were out the other day.

The Captain came and rang the bell, and asked if she was in,
And when John Thomas said she was, you should have seen
him grin,
And sister Anna sent me off to play with Bob upstairs,
But I saw she was embarrassed, so I did n't mind her airs.

As soon as nurse had gone away, why, me and Bob came back,
And underneath the parlor door we found an *awful* crack,
So we just lay down quite quietly outside upon the floor
And glued our eyeses to the crack and

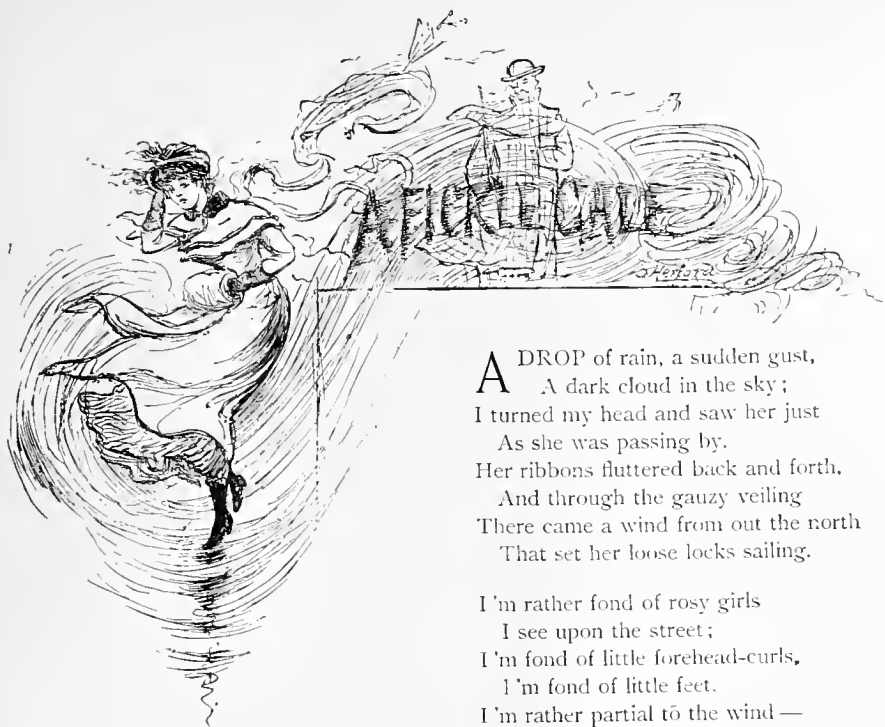


THIS IS WHAT WE SAW.

Sekadee.

TO A CONTRIBUTOR.

WE must return your witty song,
Although the brightest of its sort,
Because your poem is too long,
And LIFE, you know, is very short.



A DROP of rain, a sudden gust,
 A dark cloud in the sky;
 I turned my head and saw her just
 As she was passing by.
 Her ribbons fluttered back and forth,
 And through the gauzy veiling
 There came a wind from out the north
 That set her loose locks sailing.

I'm rather fond of rosy girls
 I see upon the street;
 I'm fond of little forehead-curly,
 I'm fond of little feet.
 I'm rather partial to the wind —
 A moderate *procella* —
 That whisks the veil securely pinned,
 And tosses the umbrella.

O tempora! O mores! too;
 O heart, the slave of fate,
 To think that for a maiden's shoe
 You wildly palpitate!
 And you, my fair Anonymous,
 You've left a joy that rankles;
 How naughty 't was, my dear, to thus
 Expose two pretty ankles!

Idle Idyller.



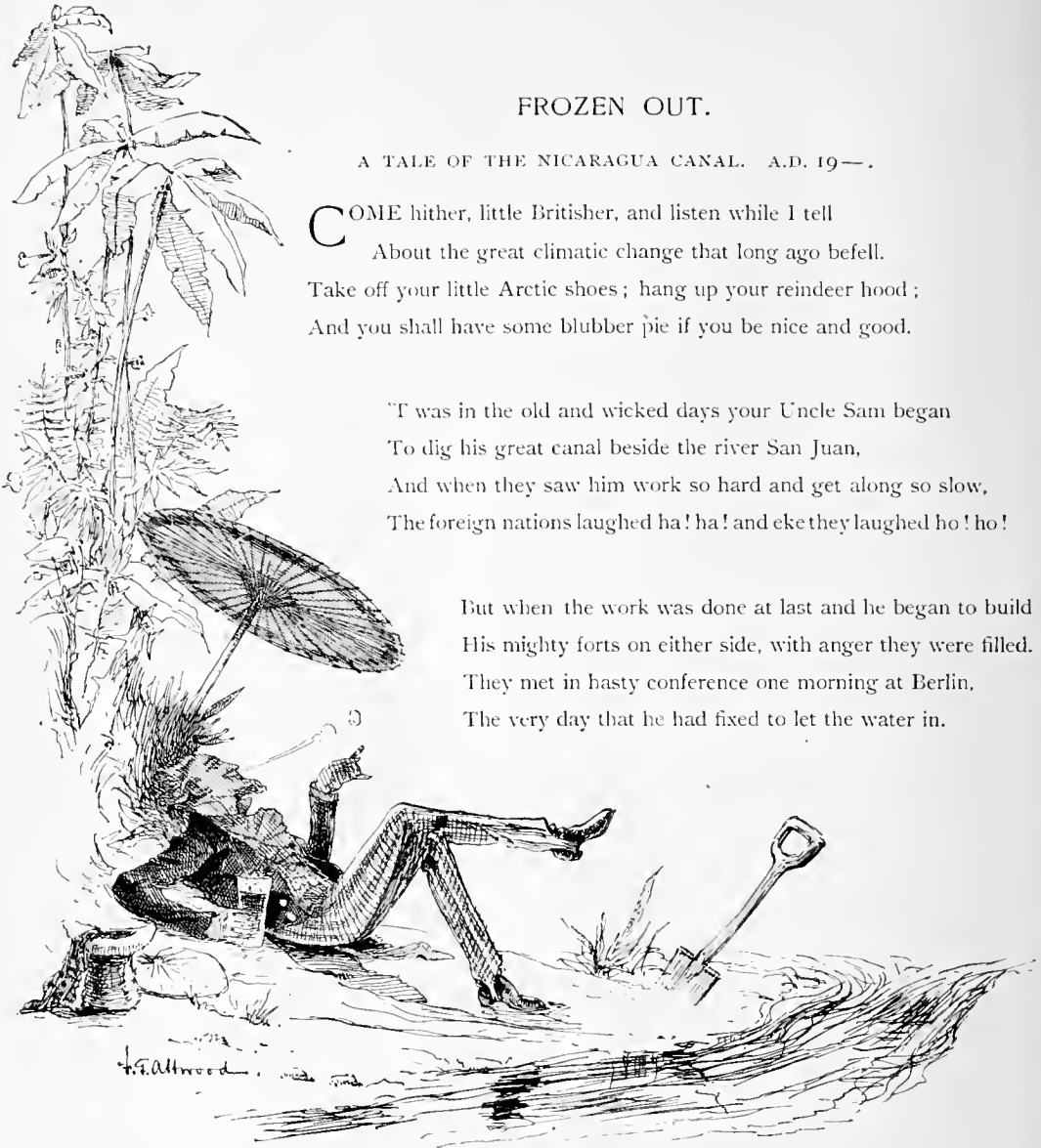
FROZEN OUT.

A TALE OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL. A.D. 19—.

COME hither, little Britisher, and listen while I tell
About the great climatic change that long ago befell.
Take off your little Arctic shoes; hang up your reindeer hood;
And you shall have some blubber pie if you be nice and good.

'T was in the old and wicked days your Uncle Sam began
To dig his great canal beside the river San Juan,
And when they saw him work so hard and get along so slow,
The foreign nations laughed ha! ha! and eke they laughed ho! ho!

But when the work was done at last and he began to build
His mighty forts on either side, with anger they were filled.
They met in hasty conference one morning at Berlin,
The very day that he had fixed to let the water in.





And as the water and the talk did simultaneous flow,
The Caribbean Sea ran dry and the Gulf of Mexico,
The great Gulf Stream which used to wash and warm all
Europe free
Was siphoned through the new canal into the Southern Sea.

Next day a little cablegram covered with ice and snow
Came staggering over to Sandy Hook, and this its tale of woe :
A wave of more than Arctic cold had suddenly ariz,
In spite of grammar or precedent, and the whole of Europe friz.

And every port was blocked with ice, and every town with snow ;
You could travel on skates from Liverpool to the Bay of Biscay O.
The savans, all at loggerheads the reason to unfold,
For some maintained 't was lack of heat, others, excess of cold.

"Whatever the cause," said the cablegram, kicking its
frozen heels,
"Europe for sympathy and help to its Uncle Sam appeals."
"The reason is plain," said Uncle Sam, and he winked his
aged eye,
"You've neglected to pay your water rates, and I've cut off
the supply."

He laughed ha ! ha ! and he laughed ho ! ho ! did wily Uncle
Sam,

As he sent in his little bill of costs by the little cablegram.
The air of Europe was black that day with blasphemy and sin,
But the nations did as we all must do when the plumber's bill
comes in.

\$100,000,000,000 cash ! and oh ! they roundly swore,
When they found the Gulf Stream didn't flow as it useter did
before.

It was a pious dodge, my child, to put down war and slaughter,
For it made the nations keep the peace to keep out of hot
water.

James Jeffrey Roche.

TO PRUE WITH HER CANDLE.

ONE white finger through the handle
Of the brazen dish I see :
Here comes Prudence with her candle —
Here comes Prudence — woe to me !

Like the slender waxen taper,
Slowly burning in the flame,
Is the heart that can't escape her
And the magic of her name.

Love must have its blows and buffets—
Well, I comprehend my fate.
Good-night, Prudence ! Gently snuff its
Little life out : it is late.

• *Idle Idyller.*



MY TIGER.

HO sits beside my box-seat, trim
 In stiff rigidity of limb,
 While other drags try passing him?
 My Tiger.

A pot-hat decks his reddish hair,
 Above his set, sarcastic stare
 When watching my high-trotting mare;
 My Tiger.

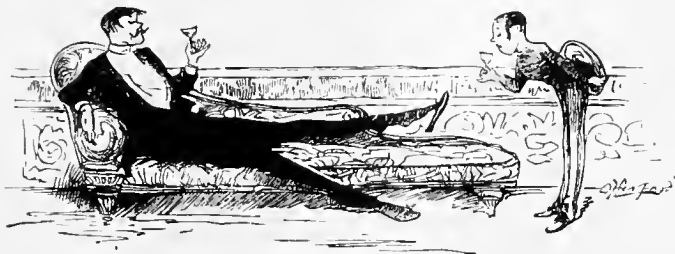
Who drives me home from club at night,
 'Neath darkness or electric light,
 As though 't were some besotted wight?
 My Tiger.

Who, faithful, tucks me in my bed
 Placing moist flannels on my head,
 And wakes me when the forenoon 's fled?
 My Tiger.

Who puts aside the clam'ring Jew,
 When raising such a row and stew
 About some notes long overdue?
 My Tiger.

A valet, cook and waiter, too,
 He stirs my glass of "mountain dew;"
 I'll drink a health to him, so true —
 My Tiger.

J. D. S.



AN ECLIPSE OF VENUS.

WE said good-bye when all the birds
Flew homeward to the South ;
Two very unimportant words
Framed in a rosebud mouth ;
I held a slender hand awhile —
I knew it wasn't right —
And when I missed her sunny smile,
It seemed the depth of night.

A very common incident,
Yet when a year had passed,
Whate'er I did, where'er I went,
Remembrance held it fast ;
I longed to see her rosy face
Below her soft brown hair,
And so I sought the charmed place,
And waited for her there.

O, where was Edith — where was she
Who once had graced this spot ?
Here was the seat beneath the tree,
But Edith — she was not.
Ye stars above that shine so pure,
Hear my Apocalypse !
My star was on her wedding tour,
And I was in eclipse.

Idle Idyller.

TWO SCENES FROM WINTER AND ONE FROM
SOME 'ER ELSE.



He knelt beside her pillow
In the dead watch of the night,
And he heard her gentle breathing;
But her face was still and white;
And on her poor wan
cheek a tear
Told how the heart
can weep;
And he said, "My love
was weary —
God bless her; she 's
asleep!"

He knelt beside her
grave-stone

In the shuddering autumn night,
And he heard the grasses rustle,
And his face was thin and white:
And through his heart the tremor ran
Of grief that cannot weep;
And he said, "My love was weary —
God bless her; she 's asleep!"

William Winter.

He stood beside another
At the Altar's sacred base,
And he held her hand in silence
As he gazed upon her face.
And then he spoke the solemn words;
A sense secure and deep
Took possession of him as he
Thought, "The other one 's asleep."

THE BISHOP AND THE BALLET GIRL.

I.

CUPID one day, while flying about,
Caught sight of a Bishop who'd just stepped out,
In robes of the very last English invention,
To grace with his presence the General Convention.
Says Cupid, the rascal, as bold as brass,
"I do n't know the man, but he looks like an ass."



II.

Across the street tripped Miss Mary Magique,
Première danseuse of the Théâtre Comique.
The devil himself could n't guess her age,
But still she made up very well for the stage.
"Hurrah," says Cupid, "She'll make him a wife,
She'll lead that old party a deuce of a life."

III.

So he bent his bow, and he fired his dart;
Bishop and Ballet Girl felt the smart.
The Bishop looked wheedlesome, sad to say,
While she seemed coy, as is often the way.
"Ha, ha," says Cupid, "I've saved one more;
He won't want to marry his sister-in-law."



IV.

The General Convention waited all day,
Wondering what kept that good Bishop away.
They waited from morning till evening dim,
But they'll wait pretty long if they wait for him,
For he married in haste the engaging Magique,
And now he's frequenting the Théâtre Comique.

Sekadee.

A POOR YOUNG MAN TO HIS GIRL.

A JEWEL rare are you, dear Anne,
But can you use a frying pan?
Or get a meal for a hungry man?
O, I will wed you if you can,
Sweet Anne!

Your dainty fingers wield a fan,
But can they wash a pot or pan?
Sweep, bake and brew? Oh, if they can,
I am, in truth the very man,
Sweet Anne!

You work in Kensington, fair Anne,
Play, sing and dance, but if you can
Well mend my pants, none other than
Myself can worship like this man,
Sweet Anne!

MOON-BURNT.

ONE moonlight night a happy boy
Of cherries stole a pailful,
The farmer quickly turned his joy
Into a sorrow baleful.
And while he roared, it came to pass,
A settled fact the boy learned,
That being *tanned* by moonlight was
Far worse than being sun-burned.

M. M. G.



HOW grave she sits and toots
 In the glare !
 From her dainty bits of boots
 To her hair,
 Not the sign remotest shows
 If she either cares or knows
 How the beer-imbibing beaux
 Sit and stare.

They 're most liberal with sighs,
Or they laugh ;
They cast adoring eyes
As they quaff ;
They exhaust their every wile
Her attention to beguile.
Do they ever win a smile ?
Not by half !

Now she leans upon her chair —
Not a toot !
While the leading violin
And the flute
Wail and plead in low duet
Till, it may be, eyes are wet,
She her trombone doth forget --
She is mute.

The music louder grows ;
She 's awake !
She applies her lips and blows --
Goodness' sake !
To think that such a peal
From such throat and frame ideal --
From such tender lips could steal,
Takes the cake.

The dinning cymbals shrill
Kiss and clash.
Drum and kettle-drum at will
Roll and crash.
But that trombone over all
Toots unto my heart a call : --
Maid *petite* and trombone tall,
It's a mash !

Yet I hesitate — for lo,
What a point !
She 's poetic ; and, I know,
I am stout.
In her little room would she
Sit and toot, as thus, to me,
On her trombone, tenderly ?
Ah ! I doubt !

Charles G. D. Roberts.

HER WICKER CHAIR.

AH, wicker chair, all trimmed with blue,
With cushioned plush of dainty hue!
Thou held'st a being of such grace
Within thy generous embrace!
Of form divine and fair to view.

Her eyes like glist'ning drops of dew
Rebuked me when I tried to woo.
And in them find of love a trace,
Ah, wicker chair!

But when my suit I tried anew,
She leaned still further back in you;
She calmly fixed some wayward lace,
And cast, while gazing in my face,
Sad doubts upon my revenue.
Ah, wicker chair,

J. K. Bangs.



THE MOTHER'S PLAINT.

NO more his patt'ring little feet
I hear about the hall,
No more his song my ear to greet,
No more his plaintive squall.

No more his racket can be heard,
No more his choo-choo car,
No more my precious little bird
Gives forth his yell — "Mam-MAR!"

No, no, not dead! The little fool
'S no longer with us now:
We sent him off to boarding-school,
He kicked up such a row.

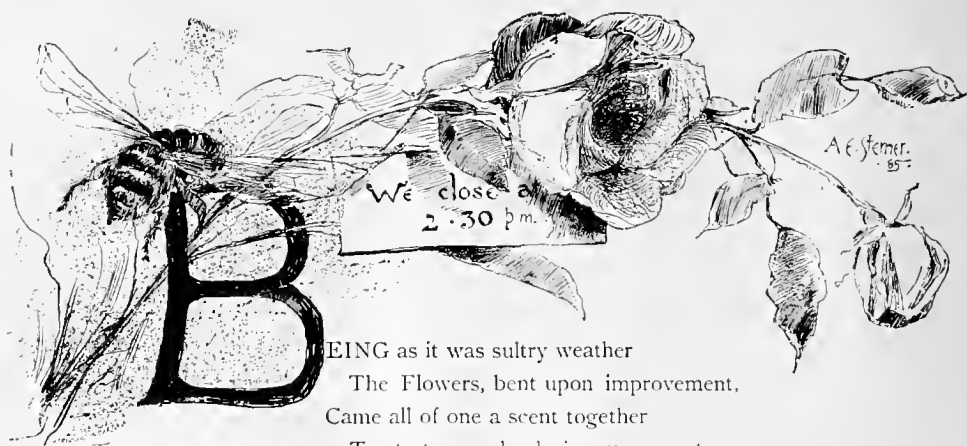
Carlyle Smith.

THE LAST GUESTS.

A DAY on the turf,
A dip in the surf,
A stroll arm-in-arm on the shingle;
A sail on the bay,
A game of croquet,
A touch of the hand — and a tingle.

A bitter-sweet jest,
A tennis-court test —
(The guests are all gone but we tarry,)
A last buggy-ride,
A pang as she sighed,
"I like you, but *never* shall marry."

Harold Van Santvoord.



BEING as it was sultry weather
 The Flowers, bent upon improvement,
 Came all of one a scent together
 To start an early closing movement.

When each and all had had their say
 In speeches long, and flowery, too,
 They all agreed 't would B—o—quet
 To close their buds at half-past two.

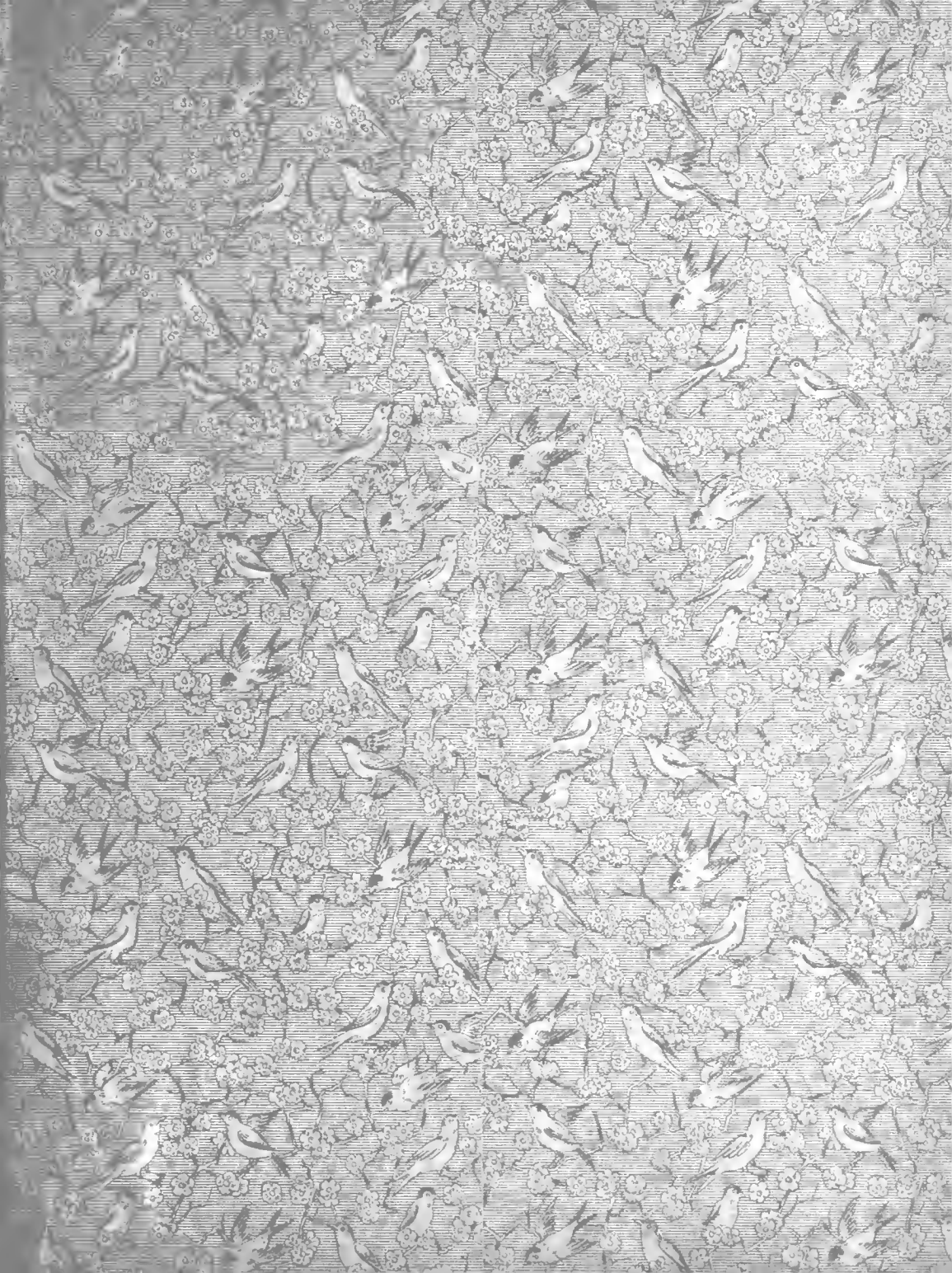
Alas! one Bee was not O. K.,
 He found too late, unto his sorrow,
 When he for honey called that day
 The stores were closed until the morrow.

O. H.

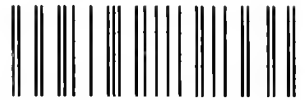








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